

①

Here i am sitting here
thinking about life in all its forms
It's one of those days so far where nothing fits.

Breakfast at the Holiday Inn Hotel

Where i live

Ordinarily

especially where i live in other places
i look forward to breakfast

i eat six cups of tea plus

three piece of toasted bread

margarine and honey

and tries to finish about myself

coordination of body and mind

that i can do in a single form

i don't take the tea to my table

i pour myself on cups of tea in one place

and carry them cups to my table

where i sit to drink it

then i go back to the place for another cup

and so forth

six trips more or less

six cups of tea

Same for the three pieces of toast

A CO
MISSION

A CO
MISSION

A COMMISSION

(1A)

i like the getting up and down part
it's a kind of exercise
of something or other
one freedom of choice
two freedom of movement

(1B)

i've been in too many
places in my life
where it was all at the Table
and imposed a kind of discipline on me that
especially in the morning
i don't like
it's too social
or whatever that word is
lets call this one
tap dancing in the sand

(1c)

yesterday because of the social pressure i always feel
when i don't eat breakfast alone
i ordered breakfast in my room
That was nice.

i mean

(1d)

i am looking out the glass doors
over the little balcony
to the river
with the barges going back and forth
and all the buildings across the river
where all the people live
i thought to myself
what is in the barges
~~this~~ ^{about} is the kind of question
i think about at breakfast
i started to say

(2)

according to Cicero

Whoever he is

only people with a powerful memory
know what they are going to say

and for how long they are going to speak
and in what style

what points they have already answered
and what still remains

and they can also remember
from other cases

many arguments which they have previously advanced
and many which they have heard from other people
~~including~~

We are in the presence of amazing powers of memory.
let's call that one

The last 1000 hours
or almost six weeks
the movement

Drama

by

Man Man

photographer of contrasts

or

research into the colonization of German music
by the African Spirit

or both

one the history

two the casualties

(3)

I think of myself very much as an organization man. (It's all outside me / if you know what I mean). I think there are either ^{of character} kinds of character / four kinds or seven if one is the organization man (Another ~~is~~ might be called the interpreter. Another ^{is} the helpful woman.) / Another ^{might be called} is the woman of the different voice / or different way of speaking. / And so on. / Each of these characters has its equivalent, I suppose, in the world of unshared knowledge. / The question of whether we add our characters / to satisfy that requirement / is a question / I couldn't possibly answer here. / It could be answered / and I could answer it / but not here. /

(Lines)

Cuts in Vibed

reconstruct our image / ~~if i may care~~
~~in words~~ ourselves, individually /
each day / to return from dreams to
is measurably difficult / ~~to waiting~~
~~as this is measurably difficult~~.

(Lines)

So / it is not an interest ~~in~~ ~~the~~
~~drama of~~ skin and hair and bone -
structure / that brings us to this movie.

what brings us to this movie? / ~~society~~,
not innocence / or / ~~to see the world~~
~~the world see about other animals,~~
ignorance / I know there is not one
person in this audience / who ~~would~~ would
claim to be ~~surprised~~! So, innocence
or ignorance is but. / lets call this one /
what brings us to this movie .

REEL 8
CUT 22-47

126

138

1st ✓

it's enough ~~for us~~, to point out the importance of those equivalencies /

2nd ✓

assuming that the fact has crossed every ~~other~~ person's mind / if only as an answer to why movies / ~~can't~~ and to remind ^{us} that this movie, no less than any other, depends on the notion of the ArchType / for its believability / ~~such~~ / we are not interested in skin as such / or hair as such / or bone structures as such /

we are ~~not~~ not interested those lessons / ~~whatever they may be~~

We can hardly bring ourselves / to look into the mirror in the morning /

~~and i don't say that to be cynical.~~

It is ~~such~~ a truth / that to

conflict ^{DT second}
from 21
cut into a circle

for a time
in high favor
though Plutarch hints that
he was
eventually put out of the way
by his brilliant but cruel master.

I think I understand that.

What brings us to this movie?

~~Revised~~ a Commission
from Fandango Spagnuolo
look at that Shiea
how nice

- 2/ in the earthly copies // of justice and temperance /
and the other ideas which are precious to souls /
here is no light //

3. → but only a few //
approaching the images / through the darkling
organs of sense //

behold in them

the nature of that which they imitate - //
magnate

i dont understand that.

2

i dont understand that

3

I don't understand that.

any way,

later

From Seopsis

says Strabo

Came Metrodorus

an man who changed from his pursuit of philosophy
to political life

and taught rhetoric

for the most part

in his written works.

and he used a brand new style and dazzled many.

He seems to have played

a considerable political

as well as cultural

role

at the court

where he was,

Ecce homo.

È una povera creatura morta! Corpo morto.

Poverino.

Morto?

Toh, vado corpo morto.

Ecco l'uomo.

Nulla! Morto.

Ma che noia. Cervello. Misuriamo.

Cervello ... tre. Povero cervello che non canta più.

Il naso? Due è il naso. Che bello.

La bocuccia? Due due!

Facciamo un piccolo duetto.

Macchonoiq.

Affanculo.

Sfo povero cretino morto. Misuriamo sto petto.

La coscia è così lunga, figlio mio, la coscia che
non ti serve; mettiamo un quindici. Eppure l'altra
coscia. Può essere differente. E chi lo sa?

Eh sì. La coscia destra è molto più lunga!

Quindici e mezzo.

Le povere ginocchia. Oh, ginocchia.

Son due; son altre due. Due. Due.

E sti piedi, sti piedi di sto povero cristo,
son lunghi, però quanto ha camminato! Uffa! Uffici.

E sarà lo stesso, no? Uffici.

Misuriamo l'uomo. Ah, sto povero uomo che è
crepato.

Facciamo un tre.

I

Here is the Man.

It's a poor dead creature. Dead body.

Poor thing.

Dead?

Well, I see dead body.

Here is the Man.

Nothing! Dead.

Oh what a bore. Brain. Let's measure.

Brain... three. Poor brain which rings no more.

The nose? Two is the nose. How pretty.

The little mouth? Two too!

Let's do a little duo ("write a little two").

Oh what a bore.

Up his ass!

This poor dead idiot.

Let's measure this breast.

The thigh is so long, my son, the ~~leg~~ ^{leg} which is no longer of any use to you; let's put down a fifteen.

And yet the other leg. It could be different. Who knows?

Oh yes. The right leg is much longer! Fifteen and a half.

The poor knees. Oh, knees.

They're two; they're another two. Two. Two.

Under his feet, there feet of this poor bastard, they're long. Wow has he walked [boy has he got around!]!

Bah! Eleven.

And it will be the same, won't it? Eleven.

Let's measure man. Ah, this poor man who dropped dead.

Let's settle for a three.

Brain. Oneum, twoum, threeum. Eh!

Noseum: Vat long is? Dumb-two. ¡Tambien!

Mouth: dos.

Titties: eight.

Breast: oneum twoum threeum fourum fiveum, etcetera.

Four the belly button. This poor human being.

The hip: Eleven. Fuck! (nothing).

Wait, wait. This is a little disturbance.

I'm fed up now.

Holy water.

The leg: twenty inches, the leg.

And the knee, it seems like two to me.

Let's put down two.

And the tiny feet, these poor little feet.

They're ten and a half.

I'll ~~sell~~ sell both of them to you for very little.

Here is the man. Dead. Well.

Who gives a damn?

Sorrowful Mother. Let him rest in peace. Poor child Paganini, my beauty.

Sleep. In peace.

Shitass! Sleep.

II
Cerebrum: Unum duum treum. Eh!

Nasum: quantum? Dum! ¡También!

Oss: dos.

Tettine: octo.

Pectum: unum duum treum quattuum cincum, etcetera.

Quattro l'ombellico. Sto povero cristiano.

L'anca: Undici. Cazzo! (niente).

Aspetta, aspetta. Questa è 'na Sturbating.

Me so' strafato.

Acqua santa.

La gamba: venti pollici, la gamba.

E il ginocchio me sembra de due.

Mettiamo due.

E sì pedini, sì poveri pedini.

Son de dieci e mezzo.

Tutti e due te li vendo per un poco.

Ecce homo. Morfo. Emba'.

Chi se ne frega?

Mater dolorosa. Requiescat in pace. Povero bambino.

Paganini, bello mio.

Dormi. In pace

Stronzo. Dormi

~~PLEASE REFER TO THE PREVIOUS~~
~~TO THIS PAGE : AS ONE OF~~
THE ENIGMATIC GENIUSES OF OUR
TIME, I RECOGNIZE ONE, WHO SPEAKS
IN THE TONGUE OF THE ANGELS.

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THIS UNEXPECTED
OPPORTUNITY, I THREW MYSELF UPON
YOUR MOMENT OF GLORY, NOT WITH
INTENT OF DISTURBANCE, BUT WITH
AN INNOCENT DESIRE TO FURTHER
ILLUMINATE THE GLORY OF THIS MOMENT.
THO' MOVE & MAY BE THE DEVIL'S
WACKE, IT IS ALSO FOOD TO SUSTAIN
ANGELS. KNOWING THAT THIS MOVE
IS A COMMISSION WHICH MY
GENIUS IS TO BE ENHANCED, I WISH
THE STIPEND WOULD SEND TOO MUCH
TO BOUNDLESS FLUTE SO THE UNION
OF THE OPPOSITES OF THUNDER AND
LIGHTNING CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED
FOR NOW & EVER MORE.

MY SON; TELL MONSEIGNEUR BERLIOZ
THE FOLLOWING; ~~AS I AM OF THE~~
AS FOR MYSELF I RECOGNIZE ONE
WHO SPEAKS WITH THE TONGUE OF
ANGELS.

THE MONEY PAY THE DEALER'S
WIFE IT IS ALSO FOOD ~~FOR~~ TO
SUSTAIN HABETS. ALTHOUGH THE
MONEY IS A COMMISSION THOUGH
WHICH MY GENIUS IS TO BE
ENHANCED, I WISH THE
STIPEND WOULD END SO
HECTOR TO BOUNDLESS FUSE
SO THE UNION OF THE OPIATE
CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED FOR
NOW & EVERMORE.